

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 06506 075 6

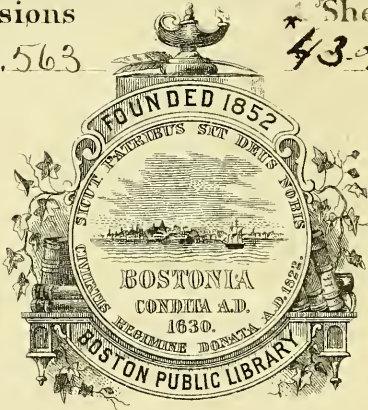
4344.105
no. 1-12

Accessions

391.563

Shelf No

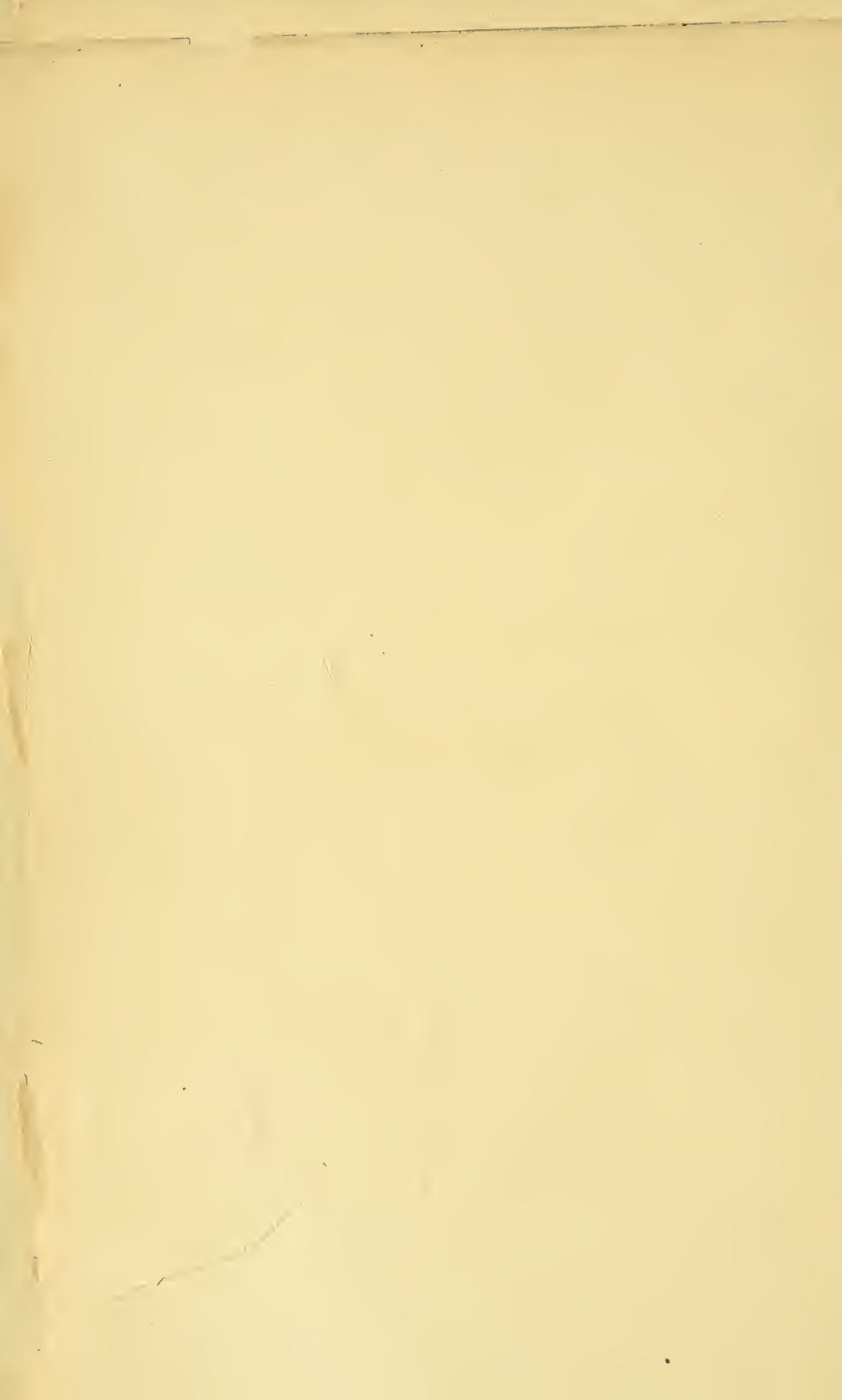
43.74.105

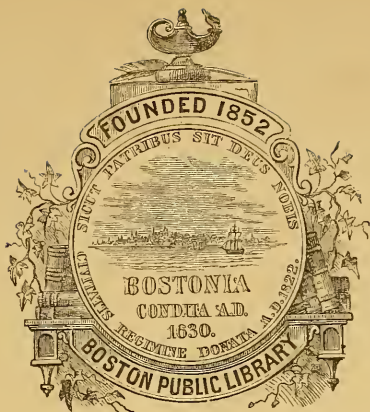


Received

Jan. 7, 1887.

77
569





2669

PAMPHLETS.

12

Military
biography.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Boston Public Library

EULOGY

ON

LIEUTENANT COLONEL G. T. THOMAS,

22d Regiment New York Volunteers.

With many thanks to Mr
Everett for his magnificent &
noble Chamber Memorial

EULOGIUM

COMMEMORATIVE

OF

GORTON T. THOMAS,

Lieutenant Colonel 22d Regiment, New York Volunteers.

DELIVERED

AT

KEESEVILLE, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 10, 1862.

BY

WINSLOW C. WATSON.

BURLINGTON :
FREE PRESS PRINT.
1862.

HON. W. C. WATSON,

DEAR SIR:—We the undersigned request for publication, the able and appropriate eulogy, delivered by yourself at the funeral of the late Col. Thomas who fell in the recent battle before Washington, at the time acting Brigadier General.

In this request the Committee are joined by the community generally, who listened with much interest to its delivery, and are desirous of copies for general circulation.

H. A. HOUGHTON,
W. W. KINGSLAND,
W. MOULD,
JAMES ROGERS,
SAMUEL AMES,
J. D. KINGSLAND,
L. S. SCRIBNER,
THOMAS A. TOMLINSON,
R. PRESCOTT.

} Committee
of
} Arrangements.

Keeseville, N. Y., Sept. 10th, 1862.

PORT KENT, Sept. 14th, 1862.

GENTLEMEN:—I very cheerfully comply with your request. You are all aware with what haste the production was necessarily prepared. But however inadequate, it was a labor of love and is presented as a feeble memorial of the character and services of our lamented friend and neighbor.

Yours truly,

W. C. WATSON.

DR. HOUGHTON AND OTHERS.

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

At a meeting by the citizens of Keeseville and the vicinity held at Adirondac Hall, September 5th, 1862, Henry A. Houghton, M. D., was called to the chair, and George A. Cleaves appointed Secretary.

On motion, a committee to report Resolutions was appointed by the chair composed of the following persons, Jacob D. Kingsland, Peter Keese, Thomas A. Tomlinson, Wendall Lansing and Winslow C. Watson, Jr., who reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we, the citizens of Keeseville have heard with inexpressible grief of the death of our townsman and friend, Colonel GORTON T. THOMAS, in the late bloody battle of "Bull Run :"

RESOLVED, That we desire, in this public manner, to recall with admiration the bravery and patriotism that induced Colonel THOMAS, at the very dawn of this rebellion, to forget all his political hostility to men and measures, and leaving the comforts and luxuries of a happy home, to organize and lead a company of our fellow citizens to the defence of our nation in its hour of peril.

That we have admired the care and solicitude which he has exhibited for those under his command, and the patience and fortitude manifested while sharing with them all the toils, sufferings and privations of the camp and field.

And that when all the vexatious delays and counter marches, to which his corps was subjected, and which were more galling to his impatient valor than the battle field itself, were over, and his constant prayer, to be permitted to meet at the head of his regiment and face to face the foes of that Constitution and that Union which he loved best of all earthly things, was granted, the heroic courage with which he laid his life on his country's altar, shall never be forgotten by us.

That while we mourn the loss of Colonel THOMAS to our community and to the nation, we would also express our heartfelt sorrow at the death of our townsman CARLISLE D. BEAUMONT, and of the brave men under his command, who died in the same glorious cause on the same bloody field.

And that we herewith tender to their families our earnest sympathy for their great bereavement; and beg them to be comforted with the recollection that their heroic dead have died where brave men choose to die, and that their memories shall live in all our hearts.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the families of Colonel THOMAS and Lieutenant BEAUMONT, and also a copy to each of the papers in the Counties of Clinton and Essex for publication.

On motion it was

RESOLVED, That it is recommended, that a committee of arrangements be appointed consisting of Wm. W. Kingsland, Jacob D. Kingsland, Willis Mould, Rufus Prescott, T. A. Tomlinson, W. C. Watson, Jas. Rogers, S. Ames, M. Finch, L. S. Scribner, and H. A. Houghton, whose duty it shall be to conduct and manage the funeral of the late Col. THOMAS, to notify the citizens of neighboring towns of the time and place of the funeral, and if consistent with the wishes and desires of the relatives of the deceased, it is recommended that the above committee make such arrangements as shall be necessary to secure the attendance of the military now stationed at Rouse's Point, and that the burial of the deceased be conducted with military honors.

H. A. HOUGHTON, Chairman.

G. H. CLEAVES, Secretary.

From the Elizabeth Town Post.

FUNERAL OF COL. THOMAS.

The obsequies of the late Gorton T. Thomas, Lieut. Colonel of the 22d Reg., N. Y. Volunteers, were attended on Wednesday, the 10th day of September, instant, at Keeseville, his native place, by an immense concourse of citizens and friends of the deceased.

The ceremonies were held in the Presbyterian Church in that village, which, though a very large building, was not sufficient to contain one half of the assembled multitude.

The American Flag, draped in mourning, was displayed within the church, and enshrouded the coffin, upon which rested the sword and pistols of the departed hero.

The exercises were in the following order:

Introductory Prayer.	Rev. Mr. Hemenway.
----------------------	--------------------

SINGING.

Reading of Scripture. Prayer.	Rev. Mr. Hemenway. Rev. Mr. Thacher.
----------------------------------	---

SINGING.

Remarks. Eulogium.	Rev. Mr. Bigelow. Hon. W. C. Watson.
-----------------------	---

SINGING.

Prayer.	Rev. Mr. Griffin.
---------	-------------------

SINGING.

The Procession then formed, in which the citizens took the lead, followed by the gentlemen who had been invited to participate in the ceremonies, and whose names we give below: Lieuts. Donovan of the 69th, Moore of the 16th, and Captain Hindes of the 96th, taking position with the mourners.

MARSHALS.

W. W. KINGSLAND, assisted by SAMUEL AMES.

CLERGY.

Rev. Mr. Hemenway, Keeseville, Rev. Mr. Griffin, Keeseville,	Rev. Mr. Bigelow, Keeseville, Rev. Mr. Thacher, Peru.
---	--

PALL BEARERS.

Geo. Parsons, Saranac,	G. W. Goff, Westport,
C. F. Norton, Plattsburgh.	James Rogers, Blackbrook.
L. Stetson, do	John Rogers, do
P. G. Ellsworth, do	Silas Arnold, Keeseville,
P. S. Palmer, do	Peter Keese, do
Loring Ellis, Cadyville,	G. N. Macomber, do
J. B. Bailey, do	Geo. Adgate, do
Rufus Heaton, Rouse's Point,	Martin Finch, do
O. Kellogg, Elizabethtown,	J. D. Kingsland, do
A. C. Hand, do	E. Kingsland, do
R. S. Hale, do	T. A. Tomlinson, do
S. E. Hale, do	Chas. Thomas, do

BEARERS.

Doct. H. A. Houghton,	W. C. Watson, Jr.,
R. Prescott,	Geo. H. Cleaves,
L. S. Scribner,	H. O. Matthews,
W. Mould,	D. T. Vernam,
E. H. Garfield,	Chas. Phillips,
H. N. Hewitt,	A. Rice.

The remains were deposited in Evergreen Cemetery; and Rev. Mr. Hemenway thanked the friends who had followed the deceased to the tomb, on behalf of the afflicted relatives, when the services were closed by the benediction pronounced by Rev. Mr. Thacher.

The whole demonstration was a most imposing one, and rightly evinced the high esteem felt for the deceased in his personal character, not less than for the sacred cause in which he fell.

EULOGY.

We gather around the grave of the dead Hero and Patriot, with strangely mingled emotion. The tear will gush—nature will exact her tribute, but a bright halo irradiates the spot, dimming the terrors of death and disarming the grave of its victory. At a shrine like this, patriotism derives its inspirations; and in such scenes our common humanity is ennobled and exalted. We are assembled to-day, my friends, not merely to spread garlands over this pall and to commemorate this holy offering to patriotism; but to render our tribute of love and affection to the memory of the friend and neighbor, the man and citizen. It is not my purpose, nor is this an appropriate occasion to discuss the causes which have demanded this noble victim. To this afflicted group we yield our sympathies and tears, wrung from aching hearts and saddened spirits; but we can employ no adequate language of consolation; we can alone bear them upon our hearts and prayers to that fountain of love that is full of comfort and mercy.

GORTON T. THOMAS, was no ordinary man. His eminent qualities of character and his high intellectual properties would have stamped an impress of his influence upon any community. Had the peculiar affluence of mind with which nature endowed him, been equalled by the acquisitions of education, he might have aspired to a position among the eminent and potent names of our country.

Possessing an intellect eminently clear and sagacious, his mental vision embraced a wide scope of thought and observation. Always calm and self possessed, he grasped every subject familiar to his habits, with remarkable discrimination, keenness and vigor. His opinions were formed by strong convictions; and we all remember with what clearness of reasoning and felicity of illustration he would enforce and defend them. Few ever questioned his integrity of character or purity of purpose.

Born and nurtured in your midst, you are all familiar with his public and private history, and I need not delay you by an attempted portraiture of them. In whatever position he was placed, whether in public discussion, the legislative hall or the judicial seat, his influence was felt equally by the force of his moral qualities, and by his clear perceptions and the vigor of his practical wisdom.

In his political relations, Colonel THOMAS was attached to that party, which has been upbraided (with what justice I may not now discuss) for its extreme and jealous devotion to the constitutional rights

of the South. My intimate personal and political associations with him, in which we have so often for many years communed together in council, and mingled our sympathies, enable me to speak on this subject with precision and without hesitation. What these opinions were at a later period, and how much recent observations may have strengthened or modified them, may be revealed in the letters before me, flowing as they did, from the fountains of his heart and mind in the unguarded and free intercourse of confidential friendship.

THOMAS was an ardent and effective champion of the constitutional immunities of every section of our land, and every class of our citizens. He defended the rights recognized or guaranteed, as he believed, to the South by our national compact, when he thought them assailed or imperilled, with the same fervor and decision with which he would have maintained his own personal privileges, or the prerogative of any other section of the Union. The constitutional dogmas which guided his course, were not of that grovelling and contracted character, which, while it was bold and determined in the assertion of his own rights, would propose to violate those of a brother. His spirit was catholic and elevated in its sentiments and he embraced without qualification the whole Union in his love and felt his heart entwined with every section, by the bonds of fraternal affection, by all the thrilling associations of our common sacrifices, and by the memory of our common glories. And I doubt

not, (for I have the evidences before me) that with the same zeal and devotedness in which he has laid down his life in defence of the Constitution and nationality of his country, he would have rendered up the same exalted sacrifice in support of the immunities of the South, had he seen them attacked by the arm of unconstitutional power and violence. But, to his judgment and the sensibilities of his patriotism, our national controversy assumed a new and far different aspect, when the South abandoned their defensive position, no longer seeking legitimate protection, but by measures which disclosed the fruition of the matured and deliberate policy of years, they went beyond the pale of the Constitution, and assailed the very citadel of the constitution itself. Redress of their wrongs and injuries were attainable, he believed, by constitutional means, and all the signs of the times indicated to his mind that it was within their grasp ; but embracing an occasion, that afforded no just cause or palliation for their act, they madly cast off their allegiance to the Union and laid sacrilegious hands upon the ark of our covenant. Now, this is a clear distinction, that addresses itself to the understanding and patriotism of every man ; however just and magnanimous it might have been in a northern politician to assert and defend the immunities of our brethren of the south from our laws and government, neither that act nor any other obligation required or justified him in the following them in their career

of madness, out of the Constitution, or to aid or sanction their insane assaults upon our national existence. Every instinct of patriotism revolts at a conception so unconstitutional and mistaken.

The influence of early party sympathies did not veil from the keen mental vision of THOMAS the hideous features of the hydra monster, that had sprung from the stagnant fens of Southern oligarchy and from the polluting machinations of a pestilent school of Southern politicians. He cherished a name of attachment to his former political associates, but he loved far more his country, and above all earthly hopes and affections he loved, I believe, the union of our land. A States-rights man from principle and on conviction, he could discern no semblance to the lineaments or proportions of those opinions in the perverted and distorted doctrines of secession. His clear judgment could not be deceived by the sophistical subtleties, which attempted to impose a ruthless and detestable heresy, as the legitimate offspring of a just principle; and much less could his vigorous understanding and vigilant patriotism be beguiled by the transparent and frivolous fallacy, which was shamelessly announced, that although secession was unconstitutional, the government of the Union possessed no power to reclaim by coercion a rebellious member.

THOMAS could detect in this rebellion, no redeeming element of truth or justice, no sanctity of honor or right, and no sanction from earth or Heaven. He could only recognize in it, the culmination of a

dark and traitorous scheme, which had been maturing and festering for more than a quarter of a century, and which now unfolded itself, shrouded in the blackest guilt, the most debasing frauds and the deepest treason. Traitors to their country, these men had been equally treacherous to the party which had confided in them ; which for long years had been their defender and supporter and had sacrificed political ascendancy by the maintenance of southern pretensions. I will not pursue further this theme : less I could not have said in explanation, and if necessary to vindicate the course of my true hearted friend.

On that dark and ill omened April day, that opened upon our prosperous and happy land the flood gates of such stupendous sorrow and desolation, of such woe and blood, Col. THOMAS was reposing in calm retirement. No man occupied a higher place in the hearts and confidence of the people ; his broad acres spreading around his mansion in luxuriant beauty and fertility, with his teeming herds secured him independence and the comforts and blandishments of home and society. But suddenly, the tidings rushed upon the wings of lightning, that the Stars and Stripes had been outraged—that a fortress of the nation had been despoiled by hordes of rebel traitors. And the tocsin pealing from the capitol called the nation to arms ; to avenge our dishonored flag, and to preserve that holy heritage we received from our fathers, and which had been purchased by martyred blood like that which crimson this coffin.

Had THOMAS lived in the days of Lexington, he would have left his plow in the furrow, as he rushed to the battle field of freedom. And now impelled by the same lofty impulses, for he felt,—nay he knew, that not only our own existence as a people, but the interests of freedom everywhere, were to be involved in the fearful conflict. His name was recorded, first I believe in the Valley of the Ausable, upon the roll of Patriots, who then consecrated their lives to their country, and resolved with their blood to assert the power and to prove the capacity of man for the exercise of a free representative government.

THOMAS girt on his sword in no vindictive spirit towards the South ; with no purpose of destroying those immunities with which they had been clothed by the Constitution ; but he obeyed a stern necessity in embarking in this war,—he dared not turn a deaf ear to the imperious behests of duty. He adequately comprehended the infinite issues of this conflict, not only as they affected his own land and the present age, but as they must influence the progress of human liberty through unnumbered ages. He entertained none of the hopes or desires of “the summer patriot and the sunshine soldier;” for he clearly divined the presages that foreboded scenes of blood and woe and desolation. He saw the flames of the fiery ordeal our country was approaching; but beyond the smoke of the battle field and through the clouds and darkness which were descending like a heavy pall upon our

land, he discerned an aurora, the harbinger of a brighter day and a brilliant and auspicious futurity to the country : when the Constitution should have been vindicated, the laws enforced, our tarnished flag avenged, and the union resting upon the firm and unalterable basis of the constitution, should be restored and invigorated.

As no man embarked in this war from higher impulses or purer motives than THOMAS, so no braver heart or more heroic spirit, moved upon its battle fields. He was from instincts and by intuition a soldier. A mind always calm and unruffled, a judgment decided and sagacious, a perception active and keen; and these ennobled by a personal courage that never faltered, and which flamed up amid the dangers and tumult of the battle in bright and glorious effulgence, combined to form the elements of the soldier and commander.

We know that no officer of his rank was held in higher estimation by his superiors for his judgment and capacity ; and we are assured by competent authority, that the government had determined even before his late services, to tender to Colonel THOMAS the appointment of Brigadier General of Volunteers.

The high estimate of his chivalric spirit was not confined to the circles of his own community, but I learn that it was no uncommon remark in the army, that “ THOMAS would return to his home a corpse or bearing a General’s Star.” His personal friends all felt gloomy premonitions of his early fate. When

from our correspondence I observed how restive was his spirit, and how he champed the bit that restrained him from active service, I saw a presage of the sacrifice these rites commemorate. I perceived that a martial fire was blazing in his breast, that would impel him "to pluck honors from the cannon's mouth." In one of my latest letters I admonished him against presumption and urged the exercise of caution and discretion. He never replied to those suggestions.

Here, I may appropriately pause to introduce a few extracts from the correspondence of Colonel THOMAS. They are of interest in themselves, because they reflect his sentiments and opinions; as they exemplify the remarkable grasp and vigor of his mind and the strength and eloquence with which he was capable of unfolding his views. Although they need no apology, it is but just to remember that they were prepared amid the tumult and confusion of the camp. These letters were written in the freeness and candor of confidential intercourse, and were only intended for the eye of friendship; but his blood has sanctified the sentiments of the hero and patriot, and they now belong to history and his country.

I read these extracts almost as my eye rests upon the page, for where every sentence, almost, is equally rich in interest and value there is little occasion for selection.

I quote from a letter, dated Fredericksburgh,
June 20th, 1862 :

"You express wonder at the inactivity of McDowell's Corps D'Armee. Our wonder has not been at our inactivity or supineness, but at the way we have been handled. On the 25th of May, we had at this point the whole of McDowell's command, a force of over 40,000 men, and one of the finest corps d'armee in the service. Our destination was understood to be Richmond, and had we been allowed to advance, that celebrated town would have been evacuated without firing a gun. The rebel Gen. Jackson had been ordered from Richmond, undoubtedly to make a dash on Banks and a feint upon one or two points west of the Blue Ridge, to attract sufficient attention to prevent McClellan being reinforced by our column. He did it in most splendid style and showed himself the equal if not superior of Fremont, Banks or Shields in military strategy. I think if Shields could have his own way he would match him. He threw the whole Cabinet at Washington into a fever of excitement—called out the militia and has scattered our corps d'armee to the four winds of heaven.

* * * * *

When the South fired the first gun in this rebellion, I had no desire to see it settled, until we had shown them, we were their equals both in the Cabinet and field. We have never claimed superiority. There are many here in Virginia truly to be pitied. They voted against secession all the way through, but when she seceded they thought it their duty to go with her. This is State pride; and something that you or I might be afflicted with under similar circumstances." * * * * *

"Their case may yield to kind and judicious treatment. The first experience of subjugation is not of course the time for developing the most healthy symptoms. There are inconveniences and trials attending the presence of the best intentioned troops, irritating to a community. It is not strange that men whose fine mansions have been converted into Head Quarters or Hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers, should fail to see at a glance the blessings of reunion, the fatherly love which is working them clear from the thralldom of secession tyranny. But we must remember that the patient always makes wry faces at the drugs working his cure, so we must be of good cheer, hoping that the great mass of southern men will yet come to their senses and the Union be once more restored to good running order."

I read a passage from a letter to his intimate
friend Dr. Houghton, dated June 27th, 1862.

"They are for Virginia first, last and always. "State rights" has carried them into their present difficulties, but I fear will not extricate them. I have always been a state-rights man myself, but never carried the doctrine so far, as to believe any state had a right to break up the Union. When they started on this crusade against the Union they never believed we would fight. The South and particularly Virginia had been used to having their own way. In the election of Lincoln, they saw their power departing and made up their mind to resist. The wisdom of their course is now being tested and the people have now the opportunity of judging whether the mild and genial laws of our old Union are preferable to anarchy, confusion, bloodshed and death. These are the legitimate fruits gathered by those who have laid their sacrilegious hands upon the best government ever instituted by man."

To the same gentleman, COLONEL THOMAS writes under date of July 15th.

I am not much of a fault finder. If I should say that our branch of the army was managed properly I should say what I do not think. Who is to blame, is another question. What the result is at Richmond I do not know but I think we should have marched straight to that point. Shields, Fremont and Banks were sufficient to take care of Jackson without our return.

The great fault has been, as I think, tardiness of our movements ever since the war commenced, and I fear unless a different policy prevails it will be a long time before the rebellion is crushed. Wounded pride will make them die hard."

On the 22d February 1862, to Dr. Houghton, he utters this glowing language.

"We want to be let loose upon this grand rebel army in their entrenchments at Manassas and Centreville—annihilate or take prisoners the whole concern and end this war in a blaze of glory; and teach Southern Chivalry that although it took ten months to wake up "the mudsills" of the North, when once aroused they are more terrible than "an army with banners." How long ago was it, that the whole southern press, jubilant over a partial success at Manassas and Centreville, were calling on their people to educate and prepare their sons and daughters to govern the whole continent of America, as recent developments had shown that the people of the North were incompetent to such a task. This silly conceit should be thoroughly thrashed out of them, and they must be taught to speak of us in respectful terms, and admonished at least that we are their equals, if not superior, in every particular."

I will close these extracts by reading from a letter addressed to myself May 11th. After describing the occupation of Fredericksburgh he continues :

"It was no uncommon thing to see some mother looking from her window with fear and apprehension, as the tears trickled down her pale cheek and her thoughts reverted to the trials and hardships and dangers of her darling son in the rebel camp. Little did she think that those passing so blithe and gay were her friends and all they asked of her son was to manifest his loyalty to the Union and they were ready not only to extend to him the right hand of fellowship, but fight to protect him in property, person and every right to which man has a just claim."

"To crush out the Rebellion is the first and great point. That being done, we can regulate our governmental matters at our leisure."

No one among us can have forgotten the extraordinary promptitude and zeal with which THOMAS aroused our people and effected the enrollment of his

Company. They marched at an early period, anxious and struggling to secure an acceptance, which was questionable from the limited number of troops embraced in the call of the Government. They were embodied with other Companies in the organization of the 22d Regiment New York Volunteers. THOMAS by acclamation was elected Lieutenant Colonel of that Regiment; and there exists no doubt of his having been offered a still higher position.

It seems but yesterday, since that gallant band moved in procession through your streets, the recipients of an earnest and cordial ovation from the people. Those boys, who have afforded such an awful attestation of their heroism and have redeemed so nobly the vows they on that day made, were then full of hope and joy and enthusiasm. Many a tearful eye and saddened heart watched their departure. I remember well, when the first burst of the distant martial music thrilled upon our ears, as they approached our little hamlet, how every nerve was impulsively strung—and how every heart bounded. Then we first felt that war was in our midst—that civil war had fastened its fangs upon the vitals of our country. We too, gave them our plaudits and benedictions, and followed them with our tears and prayers—but those gallant fellows exhibited no signs of fear—no faltering. I observed only one instance of wavering, and that was in the homage paid to the tenderness of a wife; and I allude to the incident to illustrate the kindly feeling that tempered the brave heart of our lamented friend. A

woman, weeping and distressed, sought the discharge of her husband. THOMAS reluctantly granted the prayer, remarking in his peculiar manner, "I never could stand a woman's tears."

The 22d, after a detention of several weeks at Albany, moved on to the seat of war. Subjected to many privations, to laborious marches, to toilsome duties and harassing disappointments and humiliations, not until recently has it been employed in active service, or enjoyed the opportunity of achieving the distinction, to which it aspired from its material, its discipline and chivalric bearing. It unhappily was attached to a command, which has hung like a nightmare upon the fortunes of our armies. Only once did the 22d meet the enemy in actual combat, until that great battlefield, where it was immolated to the bloody Moloch of this relentless rebellion. THOMAS, on that occasion in command of a Brigade, was advanced to repulse a large force of the enemy, formed by a combination of the various arms of the service. The result was successful. His own conduct and the bravery of his troops were highly conspicuous. His boys with the enthusiastic ardour of young soldiers have sent us animated accounts of the gallantry of their beloved leader.

Where now is that joyous and enthusiastic band of noble boys, who so lately traversed your streets buoyant in hope and ardent in purpose? There lies their fearless leader—while every officer of the Company is slain or wounded. Peabody, after gallantly lead-

ing his command was stricken down by an honorable wound, but still lives.

But Beaumont—the honest and true man, the warm hearted and genial associate—the impulsive patriot—the firm, cool and dauntless soldier, fills a bloody and we fear an unknown grave. The highest eulogium upon the conduct and bravery of Beaumont is exhibited in the fact, that the last knowledge we have of him after he assumed the command when Peabody was compelled by his wound to leave the field, was the shouting of his voice, above the din of the battle, animating his men and cheering them on in the thickest of the conflict.

Beaumont fell, pierced by a ball in the thigh, which probably perforated an artery, as his body which was soon after recovered by his friends, was found stripped of its habiliments,—and dead. We will not forget his services, nor his bloody sacrifice: and his brethren of the mystic tie, will cherish his memory as perennial as the Acacia he loved with so much fervour. Pierson the accomplished successor of Beaumont also lies in a soldier's sepulcher. Paro, Dunkly and Minnie we know slumber by their side. The heart chills, as we conjecture how many other familiar names, are yet to be enrolled in this catalogue of woe and carnage.

Until now, our community have been comparatively exempt from the direct infliction of the horrors and calamities of this war. A few hearths only among

us had been smitten by its direful ravages. We felt the throes of the distant earthquake; we heard the remote thunder, and saw the flashing of the lightning that scathed other homes; but at length the thunderbolt, charged with intenser fires, has fallen into our very midst. To us, this stroke is more appalling and devastating, not merely by its potency and vastness, but by its suddenness and from even the hope and feeling of exemption we had begun unconsciously to cherish.

On Saturday the 30th of August, COL. THOMAS having acted as Provost Marshal of Warrenton, marched out with the 22d and 14th N. Y. Vols. and 32d Pennsylvania. He was ordered by Gen. McDowell to advance to a designated position and charge. He did advance, but saw no enemy. Pressing forward, he was accosted by a voice, exclaiming, "you would not charge upon your friends!" The column, distrusting the source of their orders, for a moment hesitated. It would be unfitting in this place to reiterate the deep and burning imprecations of the survivors of that slaughtered band, upon the author of that order. Charity may impute the order to incompetency, but they with one voice ascribe it to a darker and a baser cause.

THOMAS at once perceived that his command had fallen into an ambush, with the foe in his front and the foe upon each flank. The Rebel leader demanded, "what Regiment is that?" The reply was, the 22d

New York. "Surrender, 22d New York" was the stern mandate. And then, in the spirit and almost language which has gilded with immortal fame the memory of the Old Imperial Guard, THOMAS shouted, "No, never," and his brave band re-echoed the spartan reply. Then ensued an awful conflict, in this valley of death, where they battled man to man, and breast to breast : in more than one instance the Union man and the Rebel dying together, pierced each by the bayonet of the other.

The conflict was too unequal to last ; and that gallant Regiment was literally swept away. Company C, composed of our own noble fellows, gloriously bearing on that day the Regimental flag, was the target, as it has been expressed, upon which the whole fire of the enemy seemed concentrated, and it appears to have been almost extinguished in blood, or by capture. The Twenty-Second it is said went into the battle at least six hundred strong. At its close only three men were in its ranks, and when it was first mustered after the awful tempest had swept over it, only eighty answered the Roll call. Every officer of the Regiment in the field, except two, had fallen slain or wounded in the battles of Friday and Saturday.

Justly may the British Laureate vaunt the glorious charge of England's six hundred heroes—and may we not with equal justice dedicate his strains to our own heroes :

Six hundred forward—
 Was there a man dismayed !
 Not, tho' the soldiers knew,
 Some one had blundered :
 Theirs, not to make reply,
 Theirs, not to reason why,
 Theirs, but to do, and die,
 Into the valley of death—
Marched the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them—
 Cannon to left of them—
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered :
 Stormed at with shot and shell
 Boldly they *marched* and well—
 Into the jaws of death—
 Into the mouth of hell,
Marched the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them—
 Cannon to left of them—
 Volleyed and thundered :
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.

COL. THOMAS received his wounds early in the action, but remained about twenty minutes after upon the field; and being unable to manage his horse, was borne into the vicinity of Berdan's Corps, and by a happy and remarkable coincidence, was when falling from his saddle, received into the arms of two gallant young neighbors who were attached to that corps. They bore him from the field with all the care and tenderness the circumstances permitted, until compelled by the anguish of his wounds he requested them to leave him in a log hut—where he was joined by his son and carried by him in a more comfortable vehicle to Washington, bleeding copiously the long way from his

wounds. These were not considered dangerous, as it was supposed the ball, piercing his arm and side striking and careering along a rib, had passed out at the back. THOMAS on Tuesday evening in referring to the wound playfully remarked "it is a good thing that I have stout ribs."

On Wednesday his family received intelligence of joy and consolation; and retired that evening in the fond and rejoicing hope, that the life of the husband and father was safe. But during the night, the messenger of woe arrived, and at an hour fitting the gloom and heaviness of his tidings. At two o'clock on Wednesday morning, THOMAS had fallen into a calm slumber, but his eyes opened not again until the light of eternity beamed upon his vision. At about eight o'clock on that morning he died. The ball it was ascertained had passed directly through his breast, piercing the lungs in its course. His death-bed was surrounded by the watchful care of friends and the tenderness of those he loved.

But, while we contemplate these spectacles of blood and anguish, shall our hearts tremble? Shall we in a craven spirit, shrink from a glorious cause sanctified by sacrifices like these? Let this scene rather inspire our enthusiasm and nerve our arms. Let us here, as at a holy shrine, upon the blood of this martyred patriot, slaughtered by this fell Rebellion, renew our vows of patriotism, and afresh dedicate our blood and treasures, to the claims of the Union and Constitution.

I feel that many a noble spirit pants to rush into the void created by these disasters; and to avenge the blood of our kindred reeking upon the soil of treason.

Those dumb mouths, from their gory lips, utter in silent eloquence an earnest and solemn invocation to every patriotic heart, to consecrate other lives to their country and the cause of freedom. Ah! If that cold heart could again be enkindled by its wonted fires!—could that nerveless body be aroused again, by the iron will that once guided it; how readily the re-animated form would leap into the yawning gulf that severs the country he loved;—if by a second sacrifice of his blood, he could restore the Union, and redeem his native land. But alas! heroic spirit! thy mission of patriotism is closed—but thy enthusiasm shall inspire other hearts; and the sword which has fallen from thy palsied grasp, shall be wielded by other hands, in new fields of blood and glory, until it flames, amid the shouts of victory and the acclaims of a regenerated land.

Man dies but once—fortunes perish at the threshold of the tomb—but what is life or fortune, compared with the effulgent glory that emblazons a death like this? In the fullness of years he has fallen—in the vigor of manly strenght—no disease has wasted his sinewy form, nor dimmed his eye, nor subdued his intellect. THOMAS will repose in an honored grave;—and a monument more imperishable than marble or brass shall be carved to his memory, upon the fleshly tablet of a grateful people's heart.

Who would not die thus! I envy the cold and lifeless form that rests in yonder coffin. For my children, I covet the glorious heritage that will spring from that gory shroud.

Rest, then, gallant friend, in your bed of glory. Slumber calmly in your bloody cerement.

If our union be indeed lost! happy, thrice happy art thou, that thy mortal vision is closed to the contemplation of the horrid ruin! But if God wills that our country shall arise from her humiliation, and be restored to her majestic proportions, towering among the nations, in her pride of place,—if that glorious banner you loved so truly, shall again float over a harmonious and united people; we will gather about your sepulchre bearing the incense of thanksgiving and praise, rendered by a grateful land,—we will ascribe to your blood, and the blood of patriots such as you, the glory of the mighty work. Your memory shall be embalmed in our hearts—your country will revere you—your name shall be inscribed in letters of living light upon the roll of fame,—your children, as with exultant pride they recount your deeds, with their children's children, shall rise up and call you blessed.



